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Robson

Wild blossoms of poesy

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WILD

# Blossoms of Poesy;

OR,

## ONE HUNDRED

ORIGINAL

# SONGS,

## AMATORY, ANACREONTIC AND NATIONAL,

MOSTLY ADAPTED TO

FAVOURITE AND FASHIONABLE

## ENGLISH MELODIES.

Songs I have for warrior knight,
Strains I sing of mighty wine,
Gentle lays for lady bright,
Breathe the tones of love divine.
*Sir W. Scott, imitated.*

BY J. P. ROBSON.

Newcastle:
PRINTED BY WILLIAM BOAG, 3, FOOT OF DEAN STREET.

1831.

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## GOD SAVE THE KING!

O! GOD to thee we sing,
Shelter beneath thy wing,
William our King!
Give to him statesmen wise,
May they all bribes despise,
And live pure in thine eyes,
God save our King!

Give to him warriors brave,
Bold seamen for the wave.
God save our King!
Protect our liberty,
And keep our nation free
As the billows of the sea.
God save our King!

When Faction's storms increase,
Send the bright Angel—Peace,
To glad our King.
Thou who art King of All,
Lord, hear thy people call,
Let not old England fall,
O! save her King!

## MIGHTY WINE.

LET the lean miser hoard his pelf,
To please his greedy soul;
While each one here takes care of self,
And drains the flowing bowl.
For mighty wine, our king divine,
Presents the laughing cup;
And at his beck, we bend the neck,
And quaff the bounty up.

Let stiff-neck'd sages prate away,
Our songs shall drown their noise;
As Nectar's ruddy fountains play,
To drown our fears in joys.
For mighty wine, &c.

Dan Homer sings how Hebe flew,
With cup of nectar's flow;
He never knew our Hebes, too,
Brought nectar here below,
For mighty wine, &c.

This night a jovial night must be,
When goblets shine our stars;
When Bacchus comes with mirth and glee,
In clouds from our cigars.
For mighty wine, &c.

## ROSABEL'S GRAVE.

"REPOSE to thy spirit," sigh'd Albert the brave,
In the gush of his weeping;
As he stood on the sod of his Rosabel's grave,
Who serenely was sleeping
On her cold dewy pillow, in slumbers of death,
Lily-pale was her cheek, and unheaving her breath.

Oh! big on his forehead the chilly dew stood,
While his locks darkly waving
Oft wip'd from his eyelid a drop of that flood,
Which his pale face was laving,
As he mourned for his love, who was slumb'ring in death,
For her cheek was all cold, and unheaving her breath.

The Knight on the grave his gash'd forehead reclin'd,
As the day-beam was fading;
And sleeping beheld by the vision of mind,
His beautiful maiden.
But the dreaming was false, for she rested in death,
For her cheek was clay-cold, and unheaving her breath.

Anon the shrill trumpet awaken'd the Knight,
He arose pale and gory;
Deserted the grave of his love for the fight,
Fought—and fell in his glory.
Now he lies with his love, in the slumbers of death,
Lily-pale are their cheeks, in the tomb on the heath.

## GLITTERING ROSE THE GOD OF DAY.

GLITTERING rose the God of Day,
From the couch of glowing spray;
Dew-drops trickled o'er the sand,
Scatter'd by the breezes bland.
Purple-mantled—beauty-crown'd—
Wreath'd with clouds of glory round—
O'er the blue etherial way,
Brightly mov'd the God of Day.

Blushing sank the God to rest,
On the Ocean's heaving breast;
Glad she smil'd beneath his kiss,
While he lay in rapt'rous bliss.
Then came Eve along the sky,
With grey vest, and dewy eye;
As beneath the snowy spray,
Sweetly slept the God of Day.

## THE BLOSSOMS OF HOPE.

TUNE—"*The Rosebud of Summer.*"

OH! a gay lover's heart is like verdure appearing,
When the spring of delight is beginning to ope;
When the soft falling dew of affection endearing,
Creates in the bosom the Blossoms of Hope.

But a sad lover's heart is like sweet summer dying,
Unable with Scorn's wintry breezes to cope;
Vain fancies are strewn like the wither'd leaves lying,
And blighted are all the fair Blossoms of Hope.

## THE FELON'S FAREWELL.

In this delightless dreary pile,
My cup of grief I drink alone;
No friend to cheer me with a smile,
No tear to mingle with mine own.
No more can I when galling grief,
Wrings my sad heart to settled wo,
Find in thy words a sweet relief,
O! no, alas! my tears must flow.

Yes! let them on my bosom rain
Repentance, till my pulse shall cease;
Let them remove the guilty stain,
And bear my spirit into peace.
Hark! hark! the doleful, deadly bell,
Proclaims my dissolution nigh;
The world, and thee, I bid farewell!
O! breathe one prayer for me on high.

## THE PALESTINE KNIGHT.

A Knight was bound to Palestine,
His love must stay behind;
"Fair maid!" he cried, "I will be thine,
"If Fortune prove but kind!"
With gallant heart, and arm of strength,
He pierc'd the battle's core,
But by the Paynim lances' length,
Fell wounded in his gore.

Long time the lady mourn'd his stay,
With ceaseless tears of grief;
And like the moon, she wan'd away,
And found in death relief.
The Knight return'd—alas!—too late
His lady-love to save,
Her soul had enter'd Heaven's high gate,
Her form was in the grave.

## O, FAITHLESS YOUTH!

TUNE—"*O! softly sleep my baby boy.*"

O, FAITHLESS youth! again return,
For still my heart is thine!
Thou treatest now with bitter scorn,
Her, thou once deem'd divine!
For thee, her lip bestow'd the kiss,
Her bosom beat for thee;
'Twas all thine own—yet, yet for this
Thou couldst unfaithful be.

Remember how in love we stray'd,
By thy dear native stream;
Think, think upon the promise made
Beneath Night's pallid beam!
Return! O, thoughtless youth, return—
Give gladness to my wo!
As sunny rays of balmy morn,
Command the gloom to glow.

## THE BROKEN VOW.

TUNE—"*On the banks of the blue Moselle.*"

OH! his face was fair, and his eyes were bright,
His locks like the morning hung;
He swore he lov'd—I heard his plight,
Believed his flattering tongue!
Now here I sit in silent bower,
And muse on words untrue;
While the sorrows flow from my eyes of wo,
At the thoughts of his broken vow!

My guitar I touch'd—and he sung his lay—
I deem'd him the first of men;
The blissful moments fled away,
Which ne'er will come again.
Oh! now beneath the moon-beams pale,
Sad tears my cheeks bedew;
As the sorrows flow from my eyes of wo,
At the thoughts of his broken vow!

## CUPID'S ARROW.

LONG had Cupid sought the bosom
Of a mild and bashful maid,
Pleas'd he found her like a blossom
Budding in a woodbine shade.
Soon the arrow tipp'd the bending
Of the cunning archer's bow,
And the shaft with swiftest sending,
Wounds her rising breast of snow!

Sighs are heav'd :—her soul is glowing
With the love-infusing dart ;
Tears of joy are gently flowing,
From the fulness of her heart.
Meek-ey'd Pity taught the lover,
To beseech the maid again ;
Who, despairing e'er to move her,
Languish'd, love-lorn, pale with pain.

Happy is the lovers' meeting—
Her bright eyes of him approve ;
His glad heart with rapture beating—
Loud exults the God of Love !

## THE BLUSH IS ON THE MAIDEN'S CHEEK.

The blush is on the maiden's cheek,
And her eyes her thoughts proclaim ;
Her throbbing heart is like to break,
Her sighs reveal its flame.
And though she keeps her words at rest,
Her soul is by her eye expressed.

The youth is false—her blush hath fled—
But no tear rests in her eye ;
For the last drop of her heart hath bled,
Which hath breath'd its farewell sigh.
She lies as marble, coldly pale,
And tells in silence Sorrow's tale.

## 'TIS HARD TO PART FROM HER YOU LOVE.

TUNE—"*My heart and lute.*"

'Tis hard to part from her you love,
To bid a last farewell
To her who seemed a heaven above,
And woo'd you there to dwell.
'Tis hard to kiss the dewy cheek,
And know that kiss the last;
To hear the sigh of sorrow break,
To think on pleasures past.
'Tis hard to part, &c

'Tis hard the maiden's eyes to see
With tender tears o'erflow;
To leave her, like a Niobe,
A monument of wo.
To leave her in dark peril's hour,
And no defender nigh;
To leave her like a lonely flower,
To droop—to fade—and die.
'Tis hard to part, &c.

## A SILENT TEAR.

TUNE—"*Love and Glory.*"

A SILENT tear in William's eyes,
Stood trembling as it brightly glisten'd;
He strove to speak—but some deep sighs
Alone fell on the ear that listen'd.

He kiss'd his Nancy 'mid her tears ;
Embrac'd her in her sighs and grieving ;
The anchor's weigh'd—he disappears—
On misty ocean dimly heaving.

High on the brown and jutting steep,
Poor Nancy waits her absent lover ;
Alas ! no more he ploughs the deep,
His voyage of life and love is over !

## THE LOST MOUNTAIN MAID.

Bosom'd in love—intermingled with thee—
Day-thought and night-dream all rapture would be.
Oft would I think from thy sweet lips I stole
Dew for my thirst, and a balm for my soul.
Now are thy beauties, thy loveliness laid
Cold in the tomb ; Oh ! my lost Mountain Maid.

Bright from thine eyes, like the timid Gazelle,
Glanc'd the warm pleasures thy lips blush'd to tell ;
Dark raven tresses would dance to and fro,
Pleas'd at the forehead all spotless below.
Now are thy beauties, thy loveliness laid
Cold in the tomb ; Oh ! my lost Mountain Maid.

Bosom'd in wo, when reflecting on thee—
Nought now on earth can give pleasure to me.
Tho' in death's slumber be laid thy cold breast,
There must I pillow my bosom in rest.
Angels, my requiem sing, when I am laid
Cold in the tomb, by my lost Mountain Maid !

## THE SOLDIER.

THE campaign done—from war's alarms,
The weary soldier sought his home;
To fold his wife within his arms,
And vow no more to roam.
He gaz'd to catch the blissful spot—
The birth-place of his pleasure;
The scene was chang'd—gone was the cot,
That held his dearest treasure.

With grief the soldier view'd the place—
Where all was ruin'd, waste, and bare;
Despair's dark gloom o'erspread his face,
For Plunder had been there.
Awhile, as gath'ring wrath, he stood,
Then, in his frenzied thinking,
Plung'd his sword in his bosom's blood,
And breath'd his last, unshrinking.

## SHE LOV'D—BUT BLUSH'D TO TELL.

SHE lov'd—but blush'd to tell the tale—
She fear'd to pen that word;
Oh! nought but her heart and the sighing gale,
Could tell whom she ador'd;
Beneath the sun of other charms,
That youth was seen to smile;
But she, gentle maiden, in sorrow's cold arms,
Shed tears of grief the while.

She lov'd—her cheek all blanch'd and white—
Her clouded eyes of wo,
All dim in their dew, like the misty star-light,
Might blighted beauty show.
Beneath the turf she sweetly sleeps,
Where waves the cypress gloom ;
She lies, as the pearl in the fathomless deeps,
Within her narrow tomb.

## OH! NOT FOR BEAUTY'S FICKLE CHARMS.

TUNE—"*Yes ! I will leave my father's halls.*"

OH ! not for beauty's fickle charms,
Did I my love impart ;
'Twas what exceeds exterior forms,
A sympathetic heart.
I told a tale of wo—perchance
The loss of friendship dear :
I saw soft pity in thy glance,
And lov'd thee for the tear.

When from thy cheek the roses fade,
My love shall stronger be ;
And when in silver locks array'd,
Oh ! I will comfort thee.
My voice shall soothe thee in thy pain,
Tho' mine be more severe ;
Recount the joys of youth again,
And wipe the falling tear.

## THE REPROACH.

" Ah ! faithless," the lorn maiden cried,
" Were the words of my false lover's vowing !
" Oh ! would I that moment had died,
" My heart had been cold to his suing.
" That night, the sick eye of the moon
" Was sunk in the dew of her sorrow ;
" As conscious these vows would flit soon,
" And broken might be ere to-morrow.

" But I never could dream so of him,
" Who ardently swore he ador'd me.
" Could I see his bright eye rolling dim,
" And heed not the sigh that implor'd me ?
" Oh ! ne'er will I bury that hour—
" No time shall effect its removal—
" When shaded in Paphian-like bower,
" I yielded the lip of approval.

" Oh, Man ! when I think on thy plight—
" When my thoughts all thy perfidy summon—
" Disdain dries the tear from my sight,
" And Anger possesses the woman.
" But, no ! let me languish and die—
" Perchance o'er my grave he may wail ;
" And a tear from a penitent eye,
" With Mercy will ever prevail."

## LET GODS DELIGHT.

Let Gods delight in nectar's juice,
And quaff the rosy wine;
But where's the man that will refuse
The cup of love divine?
The busy bees extract the sweet,
From every fragrant flower;
And may not man, without deceit,
Disclose a bee-like power?

The brimming bowl, or cheering cup,
Like unpolluted love,
Inspires the soul to drink it up,
And be as gods above.
Give me the sweets that from love's lip
In streams mellifluous flow;
And like the bee I'll fly and sip,
From sweets to sweets I'll go.

## THE ANGEL HOPE.

Divine she smiles—her cheeks' soft tints
In dimples gently hollow;
Like some fair peach's downy dints,
And then her soft words follow.
Her voice can lull the raging storm,
Smooth the rough face of ocean;
Give beauty to the fairest form,
And calm despair's emotion.

Oh! now, when fears annoy my breast,
And wet my eyes with sorrow;
Come, lay each jealous throb to rest,
And paint a blest to-morrow.
Oh! thou whose penetrating eye,
Can latent deeds discover;
Reveal to me, by word or sigh,
The bosom of my lover!

AN ECHO TO
## "MEET ME BY MOONLIGHT."

By moonlight I waited alone,
And mingled my sighs with the gale;
Expecting to meet thee alone,
In th' embow'ring shade of the vale.
I promis'd thee, love, I would show
The night-flowers their beautiful queen;
But like me they languish'd in wo,
And slept on their leaf-pillows green.
Why didst thou not meet me alone?

I dreamt as I slept in the grove,
A rival, with language of guile,
Requested a kiss from thee, love,
As he gaz'd on thy face with a smile.
I saw thee resign him the boon;
I awoke in the heat of despair—
But the day had succeeded the moon,
And my vision was melted to air.
Why didst thou not meet me alone?

## O! FAIR LADY.

"O! FAIR lady, have you seen
"My bold and gallant knight,
"Clad in his armour gold and green,
"With his buckler round and bright?
"O! fair lady, tell me true,
"Have you seen this knight?
"His face is passing fair to view,
"And his locks are golden bright."

"I saw, dear lady, from my tower,
"A knight in green and gold;
"But my eyes rain'd fast the teary shower,
"And I could no more behold.
"I saw, dear lady, from my tower,
"A knight in green and gold,
"But my eyes rain'd fast the teary shower,
"For that knight was pale and cold!

"And on his shield were drops of gore,
"And his helmet cleft in twain:
"His locks are golden now no more,
"For they lie on the bleeding plain."

## THE ROSE THAT DELIGHTED TO BLOOM.

THE rose that delighted to bloom in thy breast,
Grew pale in its absence from thee;
Altho' to my heart it was tenderly prest,
Still it faded and wither'd with me.

For the warmth of thy breast taught its blossoms to blow,
And thy smiles shone like morn on its bloom;
From thy cheek came its beauty and loveliness' glow,
And thy sigh was its breath of perfume.

But Love who delights to inhabit the heart,
Where Affection is pleased to repose;
Should never a moment his dwelling desert.
Or the bosom will fade like the rose.

For the rose that delighted to bloom in thy breast,
Grew pale in its absence from thee;
Altho' to my heart it was tenderly prest,
Still it faded and wither'd with me.

## THE GEM.

TUNE—"*Tell me, my heart?*"

A GEM she own'd—tho' golden ore,
By her was not possess'd;
A tender heart, her only store,
The casket, was her breast.
And tho' she watch'd it night and day,
Sly Cupid stole that Gem away.

Fair on her sight a lover came,
And breath'd his ardent sighs;
The Gem receiv'd the lover's flame,
And glisten'd in her eyes.
Alas! she felt her heart decay,
Love stole it in a tear away.

# SHE COULD NOT HIDE THE FLAME OF LOVE.

TUNE—"*Pray Goody.*"

SHE could not hide the flame of love
Within her gentle breast,
For oh! it stole by glances from her eyes:
'Till every feeling of her soul
Was silently express'd,
Or, utter'd by the breathing of her sighs.
Eyeing, sighing,
Cheeks, deep blushes dying,
Eyes of azure,
Beaming pleasure,
Bright as summer's skies.

But where are now the sunny glow,
The glances, and the sighs,
The fair assemblage of enchanting charms?
There's not one sparkle left within
Her captivating eyes—
Her bosom now the flame of anguish warms.
Craving, raving,
Tears her pale face laving—
Quite deserted,
Broken hearted—
An infant in her arms.

## HE THOUGHT ON THE MAID.

He thought on the maid, when his bosom was bleeding,
With a sorrowful soul, and with many a sigh ;
He saw her approach him, and pass him, unheeding
The tears of distress that stood dimming his eye.
Yet he never reproach'd her—he lov'd her too dearly—
He blam'd not the heart of affection decay'd ;
For her kiss once was his—once her breast beat sincerely—
And the life of his soul, was his love for the maid.

He had plough'd the wide main, he had toil'd up the mountain,
But the scenes he beheld still increas'd his regret ;
He had rested to muse, and to weep at the fountain—
For the maid of his heart he could never forget.
He returned—but his count'nance was sickly and alter'd—
He gaz'd as on distance, like Memory decay'd—
He sunk on his couch—for his heart's heaving faulter'd—
And breath'd out his soul in a sigh for the maid.

## AURORA AND ZEPHYR.

Aurora awoke on her saffron couch ;
All sleeping lay the nymphs of the wood ;
Fair Zephyr she saw with his lightest touch,
Beginning to wake the slumbering flood.
Aurora arose from her saffron bed,
And stealing a ray from Apollo's eye,
To meet her lov'd Zephyr she swiftly sped,
Along the fair verge of the rainbow'd sky.

Fair Zephyr received her forlorn and pale—
For Phœbus had scorch'd her with noon tide heat—
He yok'd his swift steeds to the idle gale,
And hurried her into his western seat.
And there in the arms of her love she lay—
Her eyes slowly closing in darksome death—
The hue of her beauty was fled away,
And she gave to Zephyr her latest breath.

And sorely did Zephyr her fate bewail—
Pale Twilight came with her weeping eyes—
And Darkness unfolded her sombre veil,
And hung the funereal lamps in the skies.

## WHEN MOONLIGHT AND MUSIC.

TUNE.—"*The Swiss Toy Girl.*"

WHEN moonlight and music, soft love and fair flowers,
Are beaming and breathing and bud in our bowers;
By the Rhine we will wander, when pleasure is ours.
Then come, my lovely maid, where the waves gently flow.

No lily can be than thy smooth forehead fairer;
No music can be than thy melody clearer;
And the Rhine tells thy love, for no love can be dearer.
Then come, my lovely maid, where its waves gently flow.

Thee I'll love, tho' the moon sleep for ever in ocean;
Till the strains of lov'd music excite no devotion;
Till the Rhine's silver surges grow still in their motion.
Oh! come, my lovely maid, while its waves gently flow.

## THE DREAM OF LIFE.

The silver moon is seen
In her slowly-moving car;
And in the blue serene
Appears the twinkling star.
Tyne's river ripples' bright,
Are rejoicing as they run;
But for me there's no delight—
For the day of joy is done.

The moon hath smil'd on high,
When my mad'ning pulse was beating—
When beam'd my maiden's eye—
When our lips in love were meeting.
But the day of pleasure's past,
And the stream of rapture run;
For the pulse of love is fast—
And the day of life is done.

There's no refuge but the grave—
Oh! there I'll slumber soon.
There the weeping yew shall wave—
There shall shine the silver moon.
Tyne's waves shall flow as bright,
Beneath the golden sun;
As I sleep in tomb of night,
When the dream of life is done.

## THE LOVER'S TEAR.

TUNE—"*The Soldier's Tear.*"

'TWAS when the Spring was young,
And dew was on the flower;
There sat a peerless lady bright,
All lonely in her bower.
In her white hand she held
The picture of one dear;
And as Remembrance rose to view,
She wip'd away a tear.

She thought she heard his voice
Of promis'd love and bliss—
And then she thought, with blushes deep,
Upon his farewell kiss.
With trembling tongue she cried,
"Alas! he is not here"!
Oh! then her blue eye gleam'd in dew—
She wip'd away a tear.

The Summer bloom'd—and died—
And Autumn's yellow leaf
Came rustling from the wither'd tree,
Around the maid in grief.
With cheek of blighted hope,
Above her lover's bier—
She weeps, with Pity by her side,
Who hallows every tear.

## THE SOUNDS OF THE MADRIGAL.

THE breezes were sleeping on every flower
That gaily deck'd a lady's bower;
When came a youth, at the midnight hour,
To breathe the sounds of the Madrigal.
The lady awoke, with a gentle sigh,
And heard his song, as it floated nigh,
And a tear stole trembling to her eye,
At the soft sounds of the Madrigal.

He sung his lay by the clear moonlight—
By the Arno's stream, as it rippled bright—
But oh! he knew not, that his lady's sight
Was fix'd, as he sung his Madrigal.
The lady back her lattice drew—
The lover saw, and away he flew—
And kiss'd from her cheek the pearly dew,
That fell at the sounds of the Madrigal

## BASK NO MORE IN BEAUTY'S BEAMING.

TUNE—"*While the dewy Twilight lingers.*"

BASK no more in Beauty's beaming—
Tho' her glances charm thee;
They awak'd from Fancy's dreaming,
May, perchance, alarm thee.
When her brow is dull and darkling,
When her eye is not so sparkling,
Shyness round her beauty circling—
May, perchance, alarm thee.
Bask no more, &c.

Never say for her thou'rt dying—
Tho' thy feelings warm thee—
For, one word of her replying,
May, perchance, alarm thee.
When her eye laughs at thy mourning,
When her breast heaves proudly scorning,
And a rival youth returning—
May, perchance, alarm thee.
Bask no more, &c.

## COLD BLEW THE BLAST.

TUNE—"*The Beggar Girl.*"

COLD blew the blast from the cloud-mantled sky—
Deep on the moor lay the thick-drifted snow—
Faint on the breeze came an infant's shrill cry,
Mingling its moans with a mother's deep wo:
"Open, kind warder, 'tis Ellen who calls on thee,
"Cold is my babe, and the winds keenly blow!"

Hard as his keys was this old warder's breast—
Ellen, the victim of stern Bertram's guile;
Shivering with cold, and by hunger oppress'd,
Stood at the gate of his castle the while.
"Open, oh warder!" she frantically cried to him,
"Cold is my babe, and I'am weary with toil!"

Dim on the moor rose the sun of the day—
Bertram, the faithless, the ruthless, the proud,
Chanc'd thro' the gate of his castle to stray,
Where lay his victims in winter's white shroud.
"Hither, old warder, behold what is here!" he cried,
"See where is laid my fair rose-bud of May."

## ROSY WINE.

TUNE—"*The light Guitar*"

OH! cast away the look of care,
And calm the troubled brow;
Then to the feast of joy repair,
Where mirth and music flow.
And as the sons of Bacchus sing,
Let joy thy heart entwine;
Taste pleasure from the purest spring,
And drink the rosy wine.

'Twill tell thee 'tis in vain to weep,
When hopes of joy are fled;
But in thy bowl thy troubles steep,
'Till they are drown'd and dead.
'Twill tell thee what the gods have quaff'd,
May now on earth be thine;
Then fill again the magic draught,
And drink the rosy wine.

# FAREWELL, DEAR FAITHFUL MAID.

TUNE—"*Adieu, my native land.*"

FAREWELL, dear faithful maid, farewell!
Thy charms shall bless my sight no more—
My glistening eyes alone shall dwell
On forms which haunt a distant shore.
No more at eve—at silent eve,
We wander by the purling brook;
Where nightingales are heard to grieve,
All lonely in their leafy nook.

No more shall Luna, shining bright,
With dewy diamonds deck the grove;
No more shall Luna's lonely light,
Begild the moments of our love.
Oh! as the vessel ploughs her way
Along the pathless, heaving deep;
My heart is left to grief a prey—
My eyes, like mermaid's tresses weep.

How oft I think I hear thy sighs,
As o'er the sails the breezes creep;
And I behold thy weeping eyes,
In stars that glimmer in the deep.
Oh! let remembrance to thy heart,
Come soft as music's distant tone—
Love's dear delusions to impart,
To soothe thy bosom when alone.

## SAVILLE'S SWEET BOWER.

TUNE—"*Ah! why did I gather.*"

THE bosom of Psychè was pierc'd in its joy,
By the arrows of cankering Scorn;
All the brightness had vanish'd that beam'd in her eye,
As she lay by her lover forlorn.
By Helicon's fountain, young Love sat in grief—
For his Psychè was bleeding and lorn;
The groves of Idalia could yield no relief,
But re-echo the wounding of Scorn.

On a ray of Diana he fled with his fair,
In the silence of evening's hour;
And a fragrance was shed o'er the ambient air,
As he 'lighted in Saville's sweet Bower.
In the midst of this bower an urn was display'd,
With soft roses and myrtles entwin'd;
Oh! there with sad sorrow pale Psychè was laid,
As the light of Diana declin'd.

With the beam of Apollo, young Love with delight,
To her cheek saw the soft bloom return;
No cold marble bed rested her on that night,
For her sleep was in Sympathy's urn.
Since that time, all the Graces, with Love and fair Joy,
With the blossoms of Beauty's bright flower;
May be seen with soft cheek, and with soul-melting eye,
In the coverts of Saville's sweet Bower.

## WHEN DOUBT WITH ALL HIS GLOOMY TRAIN.

TUNE—"*Had I a heart for falsehood framed.*"

WHEN Doubt with all his gloomy train,
A lover's breast assail;
A harmless word will give him pain,
A glance will turn him pale.
A smile he dreams is meant for scorn,
A tear to mock his wo;
And wheresoe'er his eyes may turn,
They ne'er can pleasure know.

But when the demon Doubt retires,
And Love unveils her charms;
His gloom departs by brighter fires,
His soul knows no alarms.
Then bring, soft Love, thy sister Joy,
Let wine young Bacchus bring;
Apollo shall his lyre employ,
The Graces all shall sing!

## THE RHINE BANKS.

ON the banks of the Rhine, at the sun-sinking hour,
When silence is breathing, oh! meet me, I pray;
Oh! come with thy beauty, from hall or from bower—
To the Rhine banks, dear lover, then hie thee away.

Tho' the deep-glowing glory of Phœbus shall quiver,
The flame of my bosom will feel no decay;
For thee will the pulse of my breast beat for ever—
To the Rhine banks, dear lover, then hie thee away.

I have quaff'd of thy love, as of wine, e'en to madness—
I have bask'd in thy smiles, as in summer's sun gay—
But now, dearest maid, I await thee in sadness!
To the Rhine banks, the Rhine banks, oh! hie thee away.

## OVER THE WAVES OF THE SOFT-FLOWING TYNE.

Over the waves of the soft-flowing Tyne,
The moon-beams were shining all cheery;
Each star strove to prove which the brightest could shine,
As I hied to the home of my Mary.
She met me with looks which no star could eclipse,
And with footsteps as light as a fairy;
She yielded her hand, but I press'd the red lips,
And embraced the fair form of my Mary.

By the shore-kissing ripples, all love and delight,
We wander'd, how time flew unwary;
Till warn'd by the bell, of the fast-waning night,
To bid a farewell to my Mary.
"Dear maiden be mine!" I exclaim'd, with a sigh;
"Oh! let not my prospects be airy!"
I heard the faint "yes!" as the gale whisper'd by—
And I vow'd to be true to my Mary.

# DARGO'S TOMB.

FROM OSSIAN.

TUNE—"*I heard thy fate without a tear.*"

THE spouse of Dargo came in grief,
For Dargo was no more—
The heroes sigh for Lartho's chief—
Mingala's eyes are sore.
"Like morning-mist the dark soul fled
"Before the great in war!
"But in his presence glow'd the mighty,
"Like the morning star.

"His hands ran o'er the trembling harp,
"To voice like summer winds!
"But with cold hands and pallid cheek,
"On earth he low reclines.
"Lone is Mingala 'mid her woes:
"For night comes with its gloom—
"Oh, where—Oh! where can she find rest—
"But in her Dargo's tomb?

"Oh! bard, why dost thou lift the stone?
"Why close the narrow cell?
"Mingala's eyes are heavy, bard—
"With Dargo she must dwell!"
Last night I heard the song of joy
In Lartho's lofty dome—
But silence round Mingala lies—
She sleeps in Dargo's tomb!

## OH! ARTLESS WARBLER.

Oh! artless warbler, thou art free—
Come, with thy music soothe my breast!
Pour thy soft balm of melody—
For I am weary and opprest.
Sing on, sweet bird!—that fall again—
'Twas sad—but oh, 'twas sweetly clear!
Sing on!—but in a wilder strain,
That may delight my moody ear.

Ah, little warbler! wouldst thou sing
So lively, wert thy love unkind?
No, no! thou wouldst be murmuring
Thy plaint of sorrow to the wind!
Away, sweet bird! for dost thou know
How faithless lovers now are grown?
Fly!—to thy leafy dwelling go!
Ere thou, like me, be left alone.

## TELL ME NO MORE OF FLOWERS.

Tune—"*Come where the Aspens quiver.*"

Tell me no more of flowers
Sweet in Castilian bowers—
Sweeter thy lip is—sweeter thy lip is—
Bud of the blooming rose.
Say not that stars give pleasure,
Shining in cloudless azure,
When thy blue eye is beaming,
Bright as the star that glows.
Tell me no more, &c.

Tell not of morning's glowing—
Tell not of rivers flowing—
Brighter thy tresses—brighter thy tresses,
Bath'd in the mountain dew.
Tell me in music mellow—
Sing of my fair Estella—
Sing in the sweetest numbers—
Sing of her virgin vow!
Tell not of morning's, &c.

## COME, WARRIOR COME.

TUNE—"*Rest, Warrior rest.*"

ALL ceas'd was the war, when from battle's red plain,
The Warrior sought his sweet lady again:
The pulse of delight, in his bosom beats high—
For he sees, in calm slumber, the fair lady lie.
Soft, softly he treads to the place of her rest,
There's a smile on her lip, and there's love in her breast
"How long wilt thou stay!" in her slumber, she cried,
The chief dropp'd a tear, as she whispering sigh'd,
"Come, Warrior come!"
On her forehead of snow, where the wanton locks wave,
Was imprinted the kiss of her Warrior brave;
But cold was her brow—for the gay smile had fled—
And high heav'd her heart in the dreaming of dread.
"Hark, hark!" she exclaims, with a voice of affright,
"I go—for my lover is wounded in fight!"
She arose from her couch, for the battle's alarms—
But awak'd—as she sigh'd in her Warrior's arms,
"Come, Warrior come!"

## AROUND THE BRIGHT FORMS.

AROUND the bright forms which our fancy discovers,
A halo of glory is deem'd to remain;
But the vision is false—for a moment it hovers—
Then desolate darkness pervades it again.
The fleet fairy images flit as a spirit—
Delighting no more to be coupled with earth;
For the dwelling of Pleasure must never inherit
One spark of vile man, to give Happiness birth.

Nay! the nature of man realizes this notion—
For Hope tho' it comforts, the solace is vain;
His bosom, like billows, is ever in motion,
Now hopefully heaving—now tossing in pain.
Distress was his partner when Poverty knew him—
Now rich, he is tortur'd by cankering Care;
He wishes that riches had never come to him—
For he finds he is mortal, and happiness rare.

Give to man brightest joys, not one sighing of sorrow—
Let his heart but conceive, that his eyes may behold—
Say! would he be gay ere the sun set to-morrow?
No! wishes would weary him—pleasure grow old.
Were the sun ne'er to sink in the orient before ye,
Nor Night to come forth with her clouds o'er the sky;
Fair Day, grown familiar, would lessen his glory,
And at last unregarded his splendour would die!

# WHY—WHAT CAN A POOR LOVER DO?

TUNE—"*Why—what can a poor Maiden do?*

OH! your matrons may talk about men as they will,
How women they basely betray;
But they never reflect they're the cause of the ill—
For, what can a poor lover say?
Can he look on her glance,
And not feel his heart dance,
When like lightning it thrills his soul through?
When her soft honied lip,
Gently woos him to sip—
Oh! what can a poor lover do?

When the meek-cooing dove calls her mate to her nest,
Did you ever behold him delay?
Must then woman's soft bosom heave high to be press'd,
And her lover stand by and sigh "Nay?"
They may do so who choose—
But I'll never refuse,
When a woman is constant and true,
To imprint the kind kiss,
In the moment of bliss—
What else can a poor lover do?

## WHERE IS THE MAN WHO COULD DESERT.

TUNE—"*In Infancy our Hopes and Fears.*"

WHERE is the man who could desert
The maid who fondly lov'd?
To win—and then to break the heart,
That had so faithful prov'd!
If such a wretch on earth remain,
Let him be doom'd to stay,
Till every pleasure turn to pain,
And hope, to deep dismay.

Let conscience, like a vulture, feed
Upon his joyless heart—
And let his bosom ever bleed,
Yet not with life to part.
Let guilt come o'er his troubled brain,
Like tempest on the deep;
To render all his slumber vain,
That he may wake—and weep.

## HER SOFT, MELTING EYE.

TUNE—"*Her mouth with a smile.*"

HER soft, melting eye,
Of deep azure dye,
When bath'd with a tear,
Is the violet's hue,
All besprinkled with dew,
When the morning shines clear.

Tho' violets breathe
Their sweets from the heath,
On the scented gale;
They never can vie
With her love-breathing eye,
Under Sympathy's veil.

## DEAR AND LOVELY.

TUNE—"*Faint and wearily.*"

DEAR and lovely is fair woman's smiling—
How the dimples in her cheek appear!
Then her glances, they are so beguiling—
Faith! enough to make poor mortals fear.
Laughing, leering,
At our feelings jeering;
All the time we're swearing
By her killing eyes.
Oh! those glances, they are so beguiling—
Who can refuse to bestow his sighs?

Oh! how enchanting is the fair one's blushing—
When she whispers to the priest, "I will!"
Then the torrent of delight is gushing,
All recesses of the soul to fill.
Care destroying,
Every art employing,
Which she calls annoying;
Laughter in her eyes.
Oh! those glances, they are so beguiling,
When refusal on her sweet lip dies.

## 'MID NIGHTLY STORMS.

'Mid nightly storms I wander oft,
Nor heed the rage of boisterous blast;
But spurn the frowns of skies aloft:
For summer's glow,
Or winter's snow,
Alike is welcome when 'tis cast.

For in my breast a tempest raves—
And oh! I shudder at its might—
Nor pelting hail, nor whelming waves,
Nor sombre storm,
Bear such a form,
As a false lover's broken plight.

The wave may boil, but by your strength,
You buffet surge and stormy main;
And on the downy couch at length
You lull your woes
In calm repose,
Nor think on dangers past again.

But when soul-wreck'd on Love's dark sea,
Without a shore—without a home—
Without a friend to comfort thee—
By her you' ador'd,
Despis'd, abhorred—
Banish'd, and doom'd, unhelp'd, to roam.

## THE FAIRY

TUNE—"*The Welch Harper.*"

ON the moon's trembling beams I hie,
On painted wings of butterfly;
Chasing her rays o'er rippling rill,
Or up the high and hollow hill.
A tripping fairy here I stand,
Titania's rod within my hand;
Whate'er I touch I turn to air,
So you my magic wand beware.

In the still night I drive my team
"Thro' lovers' brains—and straight they dream"
Of the laughing eye and the endearing kiss,
The fond embrace and melting bliss.
A tripping fairy, &c.

All the long day I find repose,
On the soft bed of the silken rose;
Then when the Eve retires to sleep,
I from my couch of roses creep.
A tripping fairy, &c.

## DOWN IN THE GROVE.

TUNE—"*Far, far at Sea.*"

"I WILL meet thee to-night at that hour,
"When frail mortals are lost in their sleeping;
"When the moon beams on billow and bower,
"My watch for thee, love, I'll be keeping,
"Down in the grove."

Pale the moon her blue zenith attain'd—
Still the maiden came not to her lover;
And the night's dusky shadows had wan'd,
Ere the youth did his object discover,
Down in the grove.
Like a blighted carnation she lay—
Her white bosom expos'd and all bleeding;
For a wolf had that night found his prey,
And this maiden had bled for his feeding—
Down in the grove.

## THE QUEEN, GOD BLESS HER!

WHILE seated with joy, round the gay festive board,
When soft women our fair planets shine;
Let us never forget what love's pleasures afford,
But hail them in bumpers of wine.
Go ask each fam'd beauty of Albion's isle—
For a toast or a sentiment press her;
With delight in her eye—on her lip a sweet smile,
She will cry—"to the Queen—oh, bless her!"

Can we, so instructed by Beauty and Love,
Refuse to re-echo the cry?
*Mahomet himself, were he here, would approve,
And drain all the wine-glasses dry!
But Britons, the first at the gun and the glass—
(Tho' I pray guns may never distress her)
On your feet quaff the cup—with three cheers let it pass!
To the health of the Queen—God bless her!

* In the accentuation of this word the Author has deviated from the correct, to accommodate the general pronunciation.

# THERE IS A JOY IN GRIEVING.

THERE is a joy in grieving,
A pleasure sadly sweet;
The burden'd brain relieving,
From Care's devouring heat.
When some dear, faithful lover,
Returns from long exile;
The tear you may discover
Beneath the welcome smile.

Should Beauty brightly blooming,
Be with pale sickness siez'd,
And all her charms consuming,
And all her frame diseas'd.
Should rosy health restore her
Again to beauty's hue;
The tears meant to deplore her,
Would gleam in pleasure's dew.

There is a joy in grieving,
A pleasure sadly sweet;
The burden'd brain relieving,
From Care's devouring heat.
Oh! may the tear of sadness,
Be changed by fortune bright,
To the clear dew of gladness—
The sunshine of delight.

## OUR KING'S A BRITISH TAR.

TUNE—"*With a helmet on his brow.*"

OUR King's a British Tar,
And the glory of the brave—
The boldest in the war,
And a Neptune on the wave.
His ships are on the seas,
With their seamen good and true;
Every streamer meets the breeze,
Gladly waving bright and blue.
Our King's a British Tar, &c.

He disdains to heed the foe—
But his cannon's voice replies—
And th'invader is laid low,
Ere the rolling thunder dies.
Giant might is in his blow—
Yet his arm the feeble saves—
That the vanquish'd chief may know,
William's King of ocean's waves.
Our King's, &c.

Now the helm is in his hand,
And the People is his chart;
For his home is Britain's land,
And his harbour every heart.
Oh! may he there repose,
Like his vessel on the sea—
The terror to his foes,
And the King of Liberty!
Our King's, &c.

He hath steer'd the vessel well,
Thro' the sea of Faction's storm;
And his people long shall tell
Of that gallant ship "REFORM."
Then drench the goblet's brim!
Let "KING WILLIAM" be the toast—
Let three cheers be raised for him—
Old England's pride and boast!
For he's a British Tar, &c.

## OH! WHY DIDST THOU TELL ME.

TUNE—"*Has she then fail'd in her truth.*"

OH! why didst thou tell me thy heart
Found no bliss but in beating for me?
Why vow that thou never would'st part,
Till the pulse of thy breast ceas'd to be?
Oh, love, love thou art faithless to me!

Did I ever behold thee with scorn?
Did my heart beat for any but thee?
Then why hast thou left me forlorn?
Hath the pulse of thy heart ceas'd to be?
Oh, love, love thou art faithless to me!

No longer I'll languish and weep—
The cold grave soon my pillow must be;
I will bury my sorrow in sleep,
And death shall my reft spirit free!
For love, love hath been faithless to me!

## THE VESPER BELL.

TUNE—"*Oh! give me but my Arab Steed.*"

OH! wilt thou, gentle maiden, rove,
When day forsakes the skies;
And wander to the spicy grove,
When dewy twilight dies.
There flow'ry perfumes load the air,
There flows the blue Moselle—
Oh! to thy hallow'd shrine repair,
For hark, the Vesper Bell!

Oh! as the lingering light I view,
My bosom swells with sighs;
To think thy cheek must bear such dew,
One eve when twilight dies.
For I must leave thee, gentle fair,
And bid a last farewell;
Oh! breathe for me a lover's prayer,
When sounds the Vesper Bell!

## LOVE AND PITY.

TUNE—"*Oh! think not my spirits.*"

As Pity, the handmaid of Mercy and Love,
Stood chasing the tears from a sad lover's eye;
Her own gentle bosom grew high on its move,
And often emitted the soft balmy sigh.
She cast back her tresses, all streaming like gold,
And gaz'd thro' her tears on the youth's pensive cheek;
For she deem'd that his beauty was fair to behold—
That his forehead was thoughtful, his glances were meek.

The lover beheld in the gleam of her eyes,
All the purity—flame of the heavenly blue;
And kneeling devoutly, he said, in his sighs,
"Oh! Angel of Pity, I'm thine ever now!"
Oh! then came the meeting of Pity and Love;
The breathings of tenderness, joy, and delight,
Were heard and recorded by Seraph's above,
And their names were emblazon'd with planets of night.

## THE FAIR AMORET.

TUNE—"*The sun his bright rays.*"

THE soft eye of Sympathy closes,
On the form it once lov'd to behold;
The breast of Affection reposes,
In the tomb of Forgetfulness, cold.
Oh! when will my brain cease its burning,
And my breast every sorrow forget?
It ever must beat in its mourning,
For the love of the fair Amoret!

The jess'mine is hid in its blooming,
And dies as a pilgrim unknown;
But my love, like its odour perfuming,
Shall rise when I slumber alone.
As rainbows are form'd by light beaming
On the drops of that cloud bearing wet;
So Mem'ry will rise by the gleaming,
Of the tears of the sad Amoret.

## THE BANNERS OF REFORM.

TUNE—"*The Bay of Biscay.*"

WHEN tempest-clouds were stealing
O'er Albion's peaceful shore;
And thunder's voice was pealing
A deep and sullen roar;
There broke a ray of glory,
Amid the darkling storm—
Bright as the day, was the ray
From the Banners of Reform!
Bright as the day, &c.

The King of England, seated
Upon his regal throne,
Beheld the storm defeated,
And heard its dying groan.
"No cloud," he cried, "can ever
"Our hemisphere deform,
"When like the day, comes the ray
"From the Banners of Reform!"
When like the day, &c.

Oh, England's guardian spirit,
Protect us 'neath thy wing!
Teach us to prize and merit
A Patriotic King!
And should the foes invading,
Our liberties deform;
We on that day, soon shall display,
The proud Banners of Reform!
We on that day, &c,

## THE GONDOLIERS' SONG.

COME Brothers, row on! and our oars shall beat time,
Our song shall be blent with the vesper's sweet chime;
Come, cleave the blue wave with the stroke of the oar,
And gales, softly breathing, will bear to the shore.
Hark, hark! on the gale is the vesper's lov'd tone,
Now rising like hope—now like memory gone;
Come, row brothers, row! for the daylight hath clos'd,
The vespers are sung, and the monks are repos'd.

The dark shades of night intermingling ride:
The gondola skims like a swan in his pride;
When bright pearly spray strews his path as he rows,
To the nest of the cygnets, to the bed of repose.
The moon's in the east, in her grey mantle drest—
The sun's in the main, on the bosom of rest;
Then row, brothers row! for the daylight hath clos'd,
The vespers are sung, and the monks are repos'd.

## BY THE WAVES OF THE OCEAN.

TUNE—"*The last Rose of Summer.*"

BY the waves of the ocean,
In sorrow she roves,
And her bosom's emotion
Proclaims that she loves.
Her lover hath left her
To the sneers of the vile;
Of her heart he bereft her,
By treacherous guile.

All the pleasures that blest her
Now rise to her view;
When her lover caress'd her—
Oh! when he was true.
But these thoughts to her bosom
Can bring no relief;
Which, like a pale blossom,
Must wither in grief.

## THE MILANESE MAID.

Oh! blest was the time when we wander'd the grove,
When the sweet breath of roses was incense of love,
And the pale beam of night sail'd in ether above.
But away, far away you have carelessly stray'd,
When sad is the heart of your Milanese Maid.

No longer my eyes with thy presence is blest—
My hands unsaluted—my lip is unprest—
And my bosom no more is the place of thy rest.
But away, far away you have carelessly stray'd,
When sad is the heart of your Milanese Maid.

Oh! my merry guitar gives me pleasure no more—
It hangs lone in my bower, for its music is o'er;
For the spirit hath vanish'd that waken'd its lore.
And away, far away hath my false lover stray'd,
And broken the heart of his Milanese Maid.

## IN BALMY SHADES.

TUNE—"*Faithless Emma.*"

IN balmy shades, a lady sigh'd,
Who had to be at eve a bride;
But some disaster stay'd her knight—
"For he sure would not break his plight!"
His picture meets the lady's gaze—
She cannot find a single trace
That may denote him false to be,
For every line is soft and free,
Of her dear lover.

The tapers tremble pale and dim—
The monks have sung the vesper hymn—
The priest, in alb and stole, is there,
And, wearied, waiting for the pair.
The morning dawns;—he comes not yet—
The lady's eyes are dripping wet—
The rose she planted in her breast,
Is with her heavy tear-drops prest—
Shed for her lover.

Two moons had wan'd—when, as at eve
The twilight took of earth her leave,
A manly form, in hurrying pace,
Was seen this lady's bower to trace.
Too late art thou, oh! laggard knight,
To wed thy blooming lady bright!
She cannot, cannot be thy bride!
On yon green hillock's mossy side,
Sleeps thy lost lover!

## THE SOFTEST FLOWERS.

TUNE—"*The young May Moon.*"

THE softest flowers are blowing, love,
To deck thy bosom glowing, love;
The diamond dew
Thy path will strew,
When a blooming bride thour't going, love.

The abbey bells will ring, my dear,
The chanters sweet will sing, my dear,
And the priest bedight
In his alb of white,
Soon will tie the nuptial string, my dear.

The wine shall sparkle bright, my love,
On the joyful nuptial night, my love;
But no wine shall vie
With thy starry eye,
When thy bosom beats with delight, my love.

The nectar thou may'st sip, my dear,
While I quaff of thy nectar'd lip, my dear;
Round the bud of the vine
Love's tendrils shall twine,
And their blossoms no scorn shall nip, my dear.

ANSWER FROM

## "ALICE GRAY."

HAD he whose fancy painted me
So lovely and divine,
Discover'd that his faithful heart
Was breaking to be mine;
I would have lov'd him as he lov'd,
A love without decay—
And his heart had never broken,
For the love of Alice Gray.

His tears I've seen like summer's dew,
Stand trembling in his eye;
I mark'd his cheek was pale and wan,
But oh, I knew not why!
Would that my locks had curl'd for him,
My eye ne'er turn'd away!
Oh! his heart had never broken,
For the love of Alice Gray.

He sank beneath the sultry sun,
He trembled in the blast,
All for the sake of this frail form,
Whose life is fleeting fast.
Oh! place me near my lover's grave,
When soars my soul away!
For the heart, the heart is broken—
Oh! the heart of Alice Gray.

## LIFE IS A TREASURE.

TUNE—"*Taste life's glad moments.*"

LIFE is a treasure,
When every moment brings wealth;
Life is a pleasure,
When blest with contentment and health;
But misers are not what I mean to define,
For the gold they possess they do nothing but pine:
So you who have gold,
Your purses unfold,
And bathe it in Burgundy wine.
Life is a pleasure, &c

Wine is enchanting!
Around us a magic it throws;
Gives what is wanting,
And banishes sorrow and woes.
Tho' riches should always with drinking entwine,
For if wealth be away, soon the pleasures would pine;
So you who have gold,
Your purses unfold,
And melt it in Burgundy wine.
Wine is enchanting, &c

## THE PILGRIM.

"STAY, Pilgrim stay, in my hall to-night,
"For thy feet are red and sore;
"Thy cheeks are pale, and thy locks are white,
"And wander thou canst no more."

" Thanks, gracious dame, for thy welcome kind,
" But, oh ! I must wander away—
" For I've vow'd a vow, that storm nor wind
" Shall my weary footsteps stay."

Thro' gloomy woods, and the scorching sand,
He had trodden all pitiless o'er ;
But, yet he must reach the holy land,
To cleanse his stain'd soul from gore.

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ANSWER FROM

## "THE YOUNG CAVALIER."

Oh ! I never will marry an old crabbed maid,
With a voice like a magpie—with beauty decay'd ;
With her lap-dog and parrot she passes the day,
And they slumber the night with their mistress away.
The night with their mistress away.
Her heart is so hard that no love she can feel,
And Cupid she fears not with arrows of steel ;
But one lovely maiden hath felt them I swear,
For she vow'd to be bride to a young Cavalier.

With her soft sunny locks, o'er her forehead of snow,
With lips asking kisses, which I must bestow—
With her red dimpled cheeks, and her bright beaming eyes,
You would think they had stolen their blue from the skies.
Had stolen their blue from the skies.
Many laurels I've won by my good trusty blade,
But Love, thou hast conquer'd and won this sweet maid !
Oh ! to-morrow at dawning, I would it were here,
When she will be bride to a young Cavalier.

# MINVANE'S LAMENTATION.

FROM OSSIAN.

TUNE—"*Tak' your auld cloak about ye.*"

THE blushing maid, from Morven's height,
Bends o'er the sea of rolling might—
The chiefs she saw in armour bright—
"But where art thou, my Ryno?
"Oh! lone I will not be thou, gale,
"On which my dark brown tresses sail—
"Not long your stream shall have my wail,
"For I must sleep with Ryno.

"Where are thy dogs, and where thy bow—
"The buckler bright that fac'd the foe,
"The sword that never fail'd its blow,
"Thy bloody lance, oh, Ryno?
"I see them mingled in the bark,
"I see them stain'd with gory mark—
"No arms are in thy dwelling dark,
"Oh, darkly-dwelling Ryno!

"Oh! when will come those morning skies,
"To say, 'thou king of spears arise!
"'Abroad are all the hunters' cries—
"'The hinds are near thee, Ryno!'
"Away! thou fair-hair'd morn, away!
"The slumbering king heeds not thy ray—
"The hinds bound o'er his bed of clay—
"For death dwells round young Ryno?

" But I, my king, will softly tread,
" And stealing to thy chilly bed,
" Minvane will gently rest her head,
" Beside her lover, Ryno!
" My maids shall seek me everywhere,
" Rejoicing when my steps appear,
" But ye, oh maids, I will not hear!
" I'll sleep with fair-hair'd Ryno!"

## WHEN THE LONELY DOVE.

TUNE—"*Peaceful slumb'ring.*"

WHEN the lonely dove is wooing,
Winning her dear partner nigh;
Lovers there, such thoughts pursuing,
Think they hear their maidens sigh.

When the weary gales are sinking,
Faintly whispering as they lie:
Musing lovers, lost in thinking,
Dream they hear the maidens sigh.

When the soft-ey'd moon is beaming,
'Neath the shade the lovers lie;
Waken'd now to bliss, from dreaming,
Oft they hear the maidens sigh.

## WITH THY GENTLE BOSOM GLOWING.

With thy gentle bosom glowing,
With soft love's enchanted dream,
With thy locks of amber flowing,
Meet me by the Arno's stream.
There the nightingale shall woo thee,
Singing from the nodding grove;
There the cloudless moon shall view thee,
Smiling on thy looks of love.

Arno's stream will lingering listen,
To thy soft mellifluous lay—
Every wave will brighter glisten
Glad beneath the moony ray.
Tune thy lute to love's soft ditty,
Sing me now the mournful strain—
Sing how maidens melt to pity,
When the ardent youths complain.

## LET ME LOOK IN THINE EYE.

Let me look in thine eye,
As in mirror divine—
Let me breathe in thy sigh—
Let me call thee but mine.
Let me gaze on thy breast,
And pronounce it as chaste
As the souls of the blest,
Or the joys which they taste!

Let me steal but one kiss
From thy ripe melting mouth ;
Let me taste of the bliss
From the fountain of truth ;
Let the dew of thy lip,
Be as Lethe to me—
To forget, as I sip,
Every creature—but thee !

## WITH THE I'VE STRAY'D.

With thee I've stray'd thro' wood and wild,
When evening clos'd each flower ;
And when the moon-beams sweetly smil'd
On thy laburnum bower.
In Fancy's slumbers there I rove—
My vows of love are given ;
There flows the stream—there waves the grove—
There shine the stars of heaven.

The pressure of thy lips I find,
I feel thy bosom beating—
Oh, Fancy !—Iris of the mind—
Thy joys are frail and fleeting.
Alas ! dear maid, the dream is fled,
Which lately hover'd o'er me—
The bleeding hearts—the pallid dead—
The battle-field's before me.

## YE SONS OF GREAT APOLLO.

TUNE—"*British Grenadiers.*"

YE sons of great Apollo,
Who live in love and song;
Whose hearts beat time to Honour's note,
And Glory's theme prolong.
Each gen'rous bosom beating warm,
With music's flame divine,
When Mirth is laughing at alarm,
When the goblets smile with wine.
Each gen'rous bosom, &c.

Arouse ye! fill each empty cup—
See, see the sparkles rise!
Inviting you to drink them up,
To sparkle in your eyes.
But sons of great Apollo,
Forget not love divine,
When Mirth is laughing at alarm,
When the goblets smile with wine.
But sons of great, &c.

Oh! should a pensive lover here,
On his lost maiden think;
Let him behold her beauty there—
Sigh o'er the form—and drink.
His kisses let him there bestow,
On the cup whose lip's divine,
When mirth, and love, and music flow—
When the goblets smile with wine.
His kisses let him, &c.

## WHY ART THOU WEEPING?

TUNE—"*Gentle Zitella.*"

"WHY art thou weeping, sweet Rosabel?
"Is there a magic in my farewell?
"Come dry those eyes—a truce to thy grief—
"William will prove him a true mountain chief!
"Why art thou weeping, sweet Rosabel?
"Such tears become not the wife of a Tell!"

"Tarry, my chieftain, speed not away—
"Hie thee in silence at closing of day!"
"Longer I cannot—the bugles I hear—
"Farewell, my dearest! for Gesler is near!"
"Tarry, oh tarry! my William, to-day—
"Speed thee in darkness of evening away."

Switzerland's hero, with arrow and bow,
Toils up the rock and the summit of snow.
Ah! all his efforts are useless and vain—
See! he is seiz'd by the soldiers again.
"Well may'st thou weep now," cried the brave Tell,
"Magic there was in thy William's farewell."

## THE FATAL FAREWELL.

TUNE—"*The Castilian Maid.*"

OH! I'll ever remember my parting from thee,
But no language that moment can tell;
Till then I ne'er thought that such magic could be
Conceal'd in that wild word farewell!

In my grief, to thy bower unconscious I stray'd—
There thy absence the pale roses tell;
The leaves of thy lilies were wither'd and dead,
For they pin'd, as at Flora's farewell.

Oft we gaze on the day till its glories are gone,
While the curfew announces its knell;
So I dwelt on thy charms, till thy sad sounding tone,
To my bliss told the fatal farewell!

## THE DEEP, DEEP WAT'RY GRAVE.

By the wide ocean's roaring wave,
A beauteous maid in sorrow, gave
To the heedless gale
Her voice of wail;
For she deem'd the billow
Was her lover's pillow,
And his deep, deep wat'ry grave.

Once to her bosom Promise gave
Her brightest smiles, and deck'd the wave:
But the storm came on,
And Hope was gone,
Then she deem'd the billow
Was her lover's pillow,
And his deep, deep wat'ry grave.

Fast o'er the maid the surges lave—
Is there no hand to help and save?—
Yes! amid the storm,
Her sailor's arm,
Is her cradling pillow
From the roaring billow,
And her deep, deep wat'ry grave.

## UNDERNEATH THE HAWTHORN.

UNDERNEATH the hawthorn blooming,
Flora's ringlets floated bright;
While the moon in clouded glooming,
Glimmer'd pale her fitful light.
High her hands to heaven were lifted—
Tear-drops trembled in her eyes;
But the fateful breezes drifted
Her petition from the skies.

"'Mid yon ranks of dreadful battle—
"Shield, oh, heaven! my lover brave;
"'Mid the gleaming falchion's rattle—
"From destruction Henry save!"
Peal'd the trump at dawn of morning—
Henry knew the summons well;
With the flame of valour burning,
In the foremost ranks he fell.

Now beneath the hawthorn pining,
Flora's ringlets lie in gloom;
And the moon in fitful shining,
Glimmers on her silent tomb.

# BY MOONLIGHT LET US STRAY.

JUAN.

By moonlight let us stray, my love,
The brown wild woods among;
My guitar will I strike, and play, my love,
The light and merry song.

AGNES.

I love the moon, and love to stray
Thro' woods and meadows green;
And I love the guitar, but the airy lay
Disturbs the silent scene.

JUAN.

Oh! then I'll touch the moody wire,
And chant the mournful strain;
And tell how a knight did a maid desire,
Who broke his heart in twain.

AGNES.

Oh! heed thee not that piteous song,
But tell of lovers true,
Who delighted to wander the woods among,
And fields of moon-lit dew.

JUAN.

Guitars such feelings ne'er can show,
As thy sweet lips express'd;
And thy heaving breast and eyes' bright glow,
With rapture tell the rest.

## OH! SAY NOT THAT THE SPANISH MAIDS.

Oh! say not that the Spanish maids
  Are gentler in each feeling;
Or that the English beauty fades,
  When Love hath left his kneeling.
For who can say, that ever sued
  A British maiden boldly,
That when her lips by his were dew'd,
  That she return'd it coldly?
Oh! say not, &c.

I freely own that serenades
  And light guitars' harsh ringing,
Not oft delight our English maids,
  Which proves their taste for singing,
Italia has that bonny beam,
  The moon, in splendour clearer;
But Beauty, spite of Fancy's dream,
  On Britain's land is fairer.
Oh! say not, &c.

The rose of England, then, for me!
  I'll plant it in my bosom;
Preserve it blooming, chaste and free,
  And cherish every blossom.
Oh! say not that the Spanish maids
  Are gentler in each feeling;
Or that the English beauty fades,
  When Love hath left his kneeling.

## COME, AWAKE! OH, ARISE!

TUNE—"*The Swiss Boy.*"

COME, awake! oh, arise! my sweet maiden fair—
O'er thy form cast thy mantle around:
The moon sheds forth her silver light,
In hopes to eclipse thy softer sight;
But ah, no! never no! my sweet maiden dear—
Thine eye will the loveliest be found!
Come awake, &c.

Come in smiles, come in love—let thy bright glad eye
The delight of thy bosom bespeak;
Let the tones of thy voice tell in sweetness thy joy,
And empurple the blush on thy cheek:
And let a pensive lover know,
The sweets that from love's converse flow.
Come in smiles, &c.

And this moon, this pale moon, shall to young Morning tell,
What a scene she beheld of delight;
While the breast of the Morning shall ardently swell,
And enkindle with love for the sight.
But star and moon in skies of blue,
Alone such scenes of rapture view.
Come in smiles, &c.

## WITH ARDENT VOWS.

TUNE—"*Oh, no! we never mention her.*"

WITH ardent vows and promises,
I came not, maid, to thee;
But with a soul as full of love,
As lover's soul could be.

I swore not by the silver moon
That thou wert bright and fair;
Nor did I to the sunny clouds
Thy flowing locks compare.

I never said thy light blue eyes
Were like the sapphire's blaze;
Nor did I vow, an angel's sweetness
Trembled o'er thy face.

No! all these things I treasur'd close,
As misers do their gold;
And deem'd that actions, not that words,
A passion should unfold.

Alas! by silence I'm undone—
My tortur'd heart will break;
For honied flatt'rers tell the praises
I ne'er dar'd to speak!

Oh! may the vows they pledge, lost maid,
But prove as true to thee,
As this neglected bosom does—
As thine it e'er must be!

# BEAUTY AND LOVE.

A BEAUTIFUL Rose
Spread early its bloom,
And did but disclose
Its delights to consume ;
For the breezes blew bleak,
And blighted the beauty that mantled its cheek.

Its soft ruddy lip
The bees would have kiss'd—
But dar'd not to sip
When the Storm came in mist,
Like a giant in might—
And bore it a captive to dark Winter's height.

Now faded the Rose,
And clos'd its soft eye—
Now fain to repose
On the morn's blushing sky—
But the evening came,
And the Rose shone a star in the heavenly frame.

So Beauty and Love,
When blighted by Scorn,
All their graces remove—
To the tomb they are borne ;
But their virtues ne'er pine—
For 'mid hosts of fair angels, bright planets they shine.

## YOUNG DONALD.

TUNE—"*On the banks of Allan Water.*"

YOUNG Donald lo'ed his Mary,
She was sae saft, sae fair;
Gang round a' Castlecary,
Her like ye'll find na' there.
Her een were blithe as simmer,
Last time her Donald saw;
Now thro' her tears they glimmer—
For Donald's far awa'!

Young Donald lo'ed his Mary—
But little did he ken,
How sair, in Castlecary,
His lassie's heart was then!
Her cheek, sae saftly bloomin',
Last time her Donald saw,
Is pale as even's gloomin'—
For Donald's far awa'!

Young Donald seeks his Mary—
For he return'd yest're'en;
He greets thro' Castlecary—
"Waes me! she is na' seen!"
He starts—for something glinted—
A wee bit stane he saw;
Oh! there this line was printed—
"She died—her love awa'!"

# THE MELLOW GUITAR.

TUNE—"*I'd be a Butterfly.*"

TWILIGHT no longer on Day's bosom lingers—
Evening approaches with moon and with star;
Waken thy strings with thy soft fairy fingers—
Breathe me a song to thy mellow Guitar!
Ever I'd listen when such sounds are flowing—
These melting notes of thine loveliest are!
Waken thy strings, for my bosom is glowing—
Breathe me a song to thy mellow Guitar!

Sweet are the strains that are sung by a lover—
Melody lives in the breathing of her;
Tho' in the eye of thy youth you discover
Tears, at the song to thy mellow Guitar.
Tears which are springing, at thoughts of to-morrow—
When thy sad lover must wander afar;
O'er burning sands to the region of horror—
Leaving the sounds of thy mellow Guitar.

Fancy may paint the fair scenes which I'm leaving—
But busy Mem'ry the pleasure will mar;
Then will I think, that my lover is grieving—
Singing in wo to her mellow Guitar.
Yes, gentle lady! 'tis harsh-sounding slaughter
Tears thy adorer from thee to red war!
Chang'd will the song be of Arragon's daughter—
Death will be heard for her mellow Guitar.

## BYRON, THE FIRST IN THE SONG.

We have seen the bright beam that illumined our land
In the gloom of oblivion set;
We have heard the wild music that followed the hand,
Whose strains we shall never forget.

While the goblet is circling, despite of the mirth
That sits smiling amid the gay throng,
Let us pour the libation, and sigh for the worth
Of Byron, the first in the song.

When sad Greece he beheld, like a widow in wo,
Bewailing her grandeur's decay,
There were tears for her grief, and revenge for her foe,
As he mingled in Freedom's array.

Like the sparkles that crowd to the wine goblet's brim,
Let the deeds of the Patriot throng;
Let us pour the libation in sorrow for him—
For Byron, the first in the song.

## FLY, GENTLE LOVE.

Tune—"*Rise, gentle Moon.*"

Fair Summer hath come with her fruits and her roses—
Every soft gale its sweet perfume discloses;
Love's on the wing, every sigh to discover—
Fly, gentle Love, to the heart of my lover!
Fly, gentle Love!

Oh, Love! let thine arrows sleep not in thy quiver—
Give me that heart, or I languish for ever!—
Come, gallant youth, thou hast long been a rover;
Fly, gentle Love, to the heart of my lover!
Fly, gentle Love!

## TELL NOT OF MAIDS.

Tell not of maids in bower and hall—
Tell not of knights on snuffing steed:
Tell of the youth more dear than all—
He, who for love will fight and bleed!

Say, is the face of chief or knight,
Fair as the bloom on Duncan's cheek?
Say, is the roses' red so bright?
Say, is the softest silk as sleek?

Star of the eve! I know thou'rt fair,
Gleaming in soft and cloudless sky;
Yet with a beam thou canst not pair—
Lovelier far is my Duncan's eye.

Soft are the curls that grace his brow—
White is the brow whereon they wave;
Him will I give my virgin vow—
He is my lover, young and brave.

## WHEN PHÄETON RODE.

When Phäeton rode in the chariot of Day,
With the steeds of etherial race;
Regardless of all that their driver could say—
They ran such a rig,
That mute in the gig,
Poor Phäeton sat in amaze.

Pale Phœbe was struck brother's steeds to behold—
Old Neptune was forc'd to his grot;
Poor Atlas was sing'd by the globe as it roll'd—
And Vulcan he swore,
That never before,
Had he felt it so devilish hot.

After great devastation, too tedious to note—
The cloud-driver, thunderer, Jove,
With bolt of red lightning, the charioteer smote,
And tumbled him low,
In the stream of the Po,
From whence he was ne'er seen to move.

---

'Mongst those who have sceptres to rule o'er the land,
Let never a Phäeton come;
To preside at the reins, and usurp a command—
But let king's have just sway,
And let subjects obey,
Or let them have Phäeton's doom.

## THE NEREIDES.

TUNE—"*Now the sun is in the west.*"

Now the star of eve appears,
Lonely in the welkin wide;
As the moon her head uprears,
Gleaming o'er the ocean's tide.
On the shore, each sea-green nymph
Gambols in her frolic play;
Diving now in briny lymph—
Dripping now above the spray.
Lightly tripping, and then dipping,
Dripping now above the spray.

Sweet their shells of silver sound,
Float their music o'er the tide:
Zephyrs' whispering breath is drown'd,
As their mellow hummings glide.
Now the moon fades in the west,
And the King of Morn is seen:
Every Nymph retires to rest,
Plunging in the billows green.
With green vest, retires to rest,
Sleeping on the billows green.

## SLEEP, BABY MINE!

TUNE—"*Oh, Lady fair!*"

SLEEP, baby mine! on a fond mother's bosom—
Sleep, baby mine! as the dew on the blossom;
While thou art resting thy cheek on this pillow,
Far sails thy father on Ocean's broad billow.
Sleep, baby mine! &c.

Hush, baby hush ! let my weeping not wake thee—
Hush, baby hush ! tho' thy father forsake thee—
Baby, I never will be from thee parted,
Till I am laid in death, cold—broken-hearted.
Hush, baby hush ! &c

## THE SOFT SERENADE.

TUNE—"*The Woodpecker.*"

ON bright burnish'd waves sunk the sun to repose,
The clouds deeply blush'd as they smil'd in the west—
And the light wings of Zephyr wav'd soft o'er the rose,
As the summer's gay butterfly flutter'd to rest.
And the lone star of eve came in brightness arrayed,
When a young gallant knight sung his soft Serenade.

"Oh ! lady of Spain, wilt thou list to my lay ?
"From the trumpet and tent I have hasten'd to thee !
"I have come from the tilt and the tourney away,
"To return thee a guerdon thou gavest to me !"
The fair lady heard, and in beauty array'd,
Saluted the knight with his soft Serenade.

"For thy prowess and valour, my heart was the boon—
"And to give me thine own, thou returnest again :
"Thy gift I accept, if thou swear by yon moon,
"To be faithful and true to a daughter of Spain ! "
"My love" cried the knight "shall be ever display'd,
"By the lance in the joust, or the soft Serenade !"

## THE BRAVO'S SONG.

In rocky dens and woody glens,
We pass our days, my boys;
And void of thought, we care for nought,
For drinking crowns our joys.
In rocky dens, &c.

Trampling hoof of steeds I hear!
Arm, my lads! the victim's near!
To the place of ambush creep—
Then upon the wand'rer sweep!
In rocky dens, &c.

Seize his steed and whimp'ring lass—
Strike! let not his vassal pass,
Hold, my lads, the scuffle's o'er—
Clear your daggers from their gore!
In rocky dens, &c.

Shrieking damsel heed ye not—
She shall be your captain's lot!
Loose the cords that bind her hand,
Let her wait her lord's command!
In rocky dens, &c.

Fill your goblets to the brim—
Toast your captain's bride aloud—
Tho' her eyes with tears be dim,
She must choose the ring—or shroud!
In rocky dens, &c.

## THE GONDOLA GLIDES.

THE gondola glides o'er the rippling tides,
And the waves as they flow, are murmuring low,
To the tremulous breeze of the night.
But the dash of the oar,
Hath died on the shore,
And our forms are no more to the sight.

How murky the sky, and how silent the gloom—
It appears to the eye like the hurricane's tomb,
On the brow of a mountain of storm.
But hark! he hath woke—
For his thunder just spoke,
As the red lightning broke round his form.

The wave, once a child, now a giant appears,
And his roaring is wild to the desolate ears,
On the waste of a wilderness vast.
Still the gondola sweeps—
Like a roebuck she leaps
O'er the hills of the deep, by the blast.

The "Aves" have died on the gondoliers' tongues,
And Echo hath sigh'd to the sound of their songs—
"Jubilate," now answers again.
"Jubilate," now steals—
"Jubilate," now peals—
And the gondolier kneels to "Amen."

## THE DYING LOVER.

TUNE—"*Jock o' Hazledean.*"

"Oh, Anna! must I leave thee love?
"Must all my hopes decay?
"Must all the fair things of this earth
"Be torn from me away?
"Oh! must this bosom cease to heave,
"Whereon thy head repos'd—
"For ever banish'd from thy sight,
"Within the tomb enclos'd?"

He said:—and breath'd a labouring sigh,
Such as that angel heav'd
Who stood upon the new-form'd world,
Of heavenly bliss bereav'd.
His eye forgot its tender look,
His gaze was wild, unmix'd—
As if upon eternity
His orb of sight was fix'd.

The maiden of his love was there—
She stood in tearless wo:
The fountain of her grief is dry—
There's death upon her brow.
And scarcely underneath the turf
His breathless form is laid,
When peals the solemn requiem hymn,
For Anna:—hapless maid!

## NO MORE IN SABLE VEST.

TUNE—"*I stood amid the glittering throng.*"

No more in sable vest array'd,
The gentle maid is seen to move;
Sweet smiles are where late sorrows stray'd,
Bright beams her eye, serene in love.

Oh! once I saw her weep those pearls
Which Pity takes to deck her cheek—
Her sigh was sweet as roses' breath,
Affectionately meek!

A coif of blue now wreathes her head,
Her spotless brow entwines;
And strives to hide her sunny hair,
Which thro' the azure shines.

The glittering pendants in her ear,
Her cheeks of beauty kiss;
Oh! that like them my lips were there—
'Twere worth a world of bliss!

Her shapely arm is girt around
With zone of silver bright,
Where beats the pulse of youth and love,
The tiniest of delight.

Her bosom rises undefiled!
Oh, nought is there amiss!
It is a paradise of joy,
Oh! worth a world of bliss.

## LOVE'S RULING STAR.

Not all the soft tones that lutes bestow,
Can ever dispel a fond lover's wo:
Not all the sweet notes clear voices sing,
Can to his lorn bosom comfort bring:
Oh! nought, save the silvery song of her
Who lives in his heart Love's ruling Star!

At the sky, with its cloudless face of blue,
He gazes with eye of unwearying view;
For the sight reminds him of eyes as fair,
And azure as soft as the ether there—
But her glances exceed the clear ether far!
The gleam of her eye is Love's ruling Star.

No deeply-ting'd rose he beholds, but he seeks
The beautiful bloom on the fair one's cheeks—
Should the orient sky show its soft sunny line,
He deems her fair locks round the zephyr entwine.
But her smooth-flowing tresses are lovelier far!
For she lives in his heart Love's ruling Star.

Should the snow of the billow e'er meet his view—
Her breast is compar'd to its heave and hue;
Tho' truer than billow, and warmer than foam,
Is this refuge from sorrow—this pilgrim's home.
Oh! blest is the youth who may wander afar,
When she beams on his path Love's ruling Star.

## THE PATRIOT SOVEREIGN.

TUNE—"*The gallant Troubadour*".

BURNING with honest, glorious flame,
A King that dearly lov'd his nation,
Crown'd with his people's blessings came,
And spoke these words of Reformation.
"My voice shall speak a people's right—
"My heart is kindled for their gain—
"Resolved am I for them to fight,
"And prove a PATRIOT SOVEREIGN!"

The cliffs of Albion caught the sound—
Glad Echo spread her pinions wide,
Bore it to Earth's remotest bound,
As the great King of England cried,
"My voice shall speak a people's right—
"My heart is kindled for their gain—
"Resolved am I for them to fight,
"And prove a PATRIOT SOVERIGN!"

The Ocean's billows brightly glow'd;
Exulting as their bosoms joy'd—
For WILLIAM was their chosen God,
He was a SAILOR KING, who cried,
"My voice shall speak a people's right—
"My heart is kindled for their gain—
"Resolved am I for them to fight,
"And prove a PATRIOT SOVEREIGN."

# THE QUEEN OF BRITAIN'S ISLES.

TUNE—"*The Battle of the Nile.*"

AWAKE, awake the loud-resounding strain!
Let Echo bear the peals of voice along;
And let Britannia, ruler of the main,
Bid all her tuneful billows join the song.
For the day-star of Britain,
O'er the glooms of Fate victorious;
Shines o'er the land,
In her beauty glowing glorious!
Then ye sons of Fame, rejoice,!
Let us hail with heart and voice,
The lovely Queen who holds command,
And governs by her smiles!
Then arise, awake the loud-resounding strain—
Let Albion's hills repeat the song again,
And tell Britannia, ruler of the main,
That ADELAIDE IS QUEEN OF BRITAIN'S ISLES.

Oh, England! mother of surrounding shores—
How blest above all other kingdoms THOU!
Free are thy people, as the wave that roars—
To Liberty alone thy subjects bow!
On the white cliffs of Albion,
Is the star of Freedom glowing;
Love by her side,
All her bounteous gifts bestowing!
Then, ye sons of Fame, rejoice, &c.

## ADDITIONAL VERSES TO
## "RULE, BRITANNIA!"

WHEN Britain first at Heaven's command,
Arose from out the azure main,
This was the charter of the land;
And guardian angels sung the strain.
"Rule, Britannia! rule the waves!
"Britons never shall be slaves!"

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Long time Britannia rul'd the deep,
Till WILLIAM, ENGLAND'S NEPTUNE, came;
Longer the sceptre she'll not keep,
But hails aloud the Monarch's name.
"Rule, great WILLIAM! rule the waves!
"See that Britons ne'er be slaves!"

Britannia's lion roar'd with joy,
And shook the sea-drops from his main;
While she ascended to the sky,
And sung the loud angelic strain—
"Rule, great WILLIAM! rule the waves!
"See that Britons ne'er be slaves!"

FINIS.

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